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Fillmore Electoral Ticket.

Southern States.	Northern States.
North Carolina,	Massachusetts,
Virginia,	Rhode Island,
Georgia,	Connecticut,
Alabama,	New Jersey,
Florida,	Pennsylvania,
Mississippi,	Ohio,
Texas,	Indiana,
Arkansas,	Illinois,
Missouri,	Wisconsin,
Tennessee,	Iowa,
Kentucky,	California,
Delaware,	New York,
Maryland,	
Louisiana,	

South Carolina acts through her Legislature, and not through Electors. The remaining four States will nominate during the present month.

Let the people remember that Fillmore has a larger number of Electoral tickets throughout the Union than James Buchanan.

DOUGLAS ON FILLMORE.—In a speech at Richmond, Virginia, on the 9th of July, 1856, Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, addressing a Democratic audience, said:

"We feel—ay, all of us feel—that Fillmore was a real god-send. It was the calming of the waters when the ship was sinking in the tempest."

The people of the United States must be well aware that the ship, managed of late by Douglas & Co., is even in more danger of sinking in the tempest now than she was in 1851. So let the men who calmed the waters then be called on by his countrymen to perform the same glorious office again. Why should the nation hesitate? How can it hesitate?—*American Organ.*

It is more than probable that Mr. Fillmore will receive more Harri-Democrat votes in New York than Buchanan.

The Whigs of Massachusetts.—The Boston Courier remarks:

With respect to certain gentlemen of the old Whig party—Messrs. Everett, Winthrop, Lunt, Hillard and others—whose names have been mentioned as among those who likely to go for Buchanan, we may say that not one of them has any idea of following the lead of Mr. Choate, and we speak from good authority when we say that they regret, as much as we do, such an unexpected announcement of Mr. Charles Choate's opinions.

MARYLAND.—The Baltimore Patriot, in an able article on the chances of Fillmore in Maryland, says:

We are not disposed to indulge in brag-gadoocio of any kind, nor will we knowingly pervert the truth, even if by so doing we could secure the elevation to the Presidency of that excellent and pure minded man whom the Whigs have selected as their candidate; but we do assert, confidently, that Fillmore will receive a large majority of the votes of the people of Maryland, at the November election, no matter what his chances may be in any of the other States in the Union. There is no doubt of Maryland, the vaticinations of 'distinguished gentlemen' to the contrary notwithstanding. The attachment of Whigs to Millard Fillmore is based upon the fact, that in the North he is denounced as friendly to the South, and in the South as having strong Northern proclivities. They want no better evidence of his impartiality.

Fillmore on Squatter Sovereignty.

The Memphis Eagle and Enquirer has the following correspondence:

Memphis, Sept. 12, 1856.

Col. Joseph S. Williams: Dear Sir—Understanding that you recently had a conversation with the Hon. Millard Fillmore, on the subject of "Popular" or "Squatter Sovereignty," in which he frankly expressed his views on that important question, I write to request you to put the substance of that conversation in writing, for publication.

I am well aware that Mr. Fillmore subscribes unreservedly to the principles of the Utah and New Mexico Bills, which are utterly antagonistic to the Buchanan and Van Buren doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," but the people, I have no doubt, would like to hear what Mr. Fillmore has said to you on the naked question now at issue in reference to the absorbing topic of Slavery in the Territories.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

J. P. PRYOR.

MEMPHIS Sept. 12, 1856.

Col. J. P. Pryor—Dear Sir: Your note of this instant, asking, for publication, the substance of a conversation between Hon. Millard Fillmore and myself, upon the subject of "Squatter" or Territorial Sovereignty, has just been handed me. I cheerfully comply with your request, as I was placed under no restraint by him in reference to the matter.

Upon my return home from the North, I called to see Mr. Fillmore at his home in Buffalo, New York, on the 4th inst.—During our conversation, I asked him what he thought of "Squatter Sovereignty," and in reply, he entered into a free and unreserved expression of his views. He said he was decidedly opposed to this doctrine, as advocated by Cass, Douglass, Buchanan, Van Buren and others; he believed that a Territory, until its inhabitants were sufficiently numerous to authorize the formation of a State Constitution, preparatory to admission into the Union as a State, could only be regarded as in a condition of pupilage, possessing no sovereignty whatever; and referred to the Utah and New Mexico Territorial bills, sanctioned by him, as a correct indication of his opinions.

I was gratified to find that Mr. Fillmore occupied the same position upon this question which is maintained by the American party in the South, and by the whole band of national Americans of the North, headed by such men as Fuller, of Pennsylvania, Haven of New York, and others, and I told him I would like to be at liberty to speak of the explanation received from him. He replied he had expressed the same views to others, and that I could make such use of them as I thought proper.

Yours, truly,

JOSEPH S. WILLIAMS.

Col. Williams, the writer of the foregoing statement, is a planter of Louisiana, and a gentleman of high character and standing, both in that State and in Tennessee, where he formerly resided. No one who knows him will question what he says.—*Eagle and Enquirer.*

RELIGION.—Whatever of excellency is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both words. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to life; points to another world. Political and professional fame can not last forever, but conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary, and almost indispensable element in any human character. There is no one living without it.

Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne, if that tie is sunken or broken he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future, nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe—in so terse but terrific manner—as "living with God in the world."—a man is out of his proper being—out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far away, from the purpose of his creation.—*Daniel Webster.*

George Barker, and Edward C. Delavan, distinguished democrats, of New York, have taken the stump for Fillmore!

Written for the Winchester Appeal. Solitary Musings.

We are passing away! Days, weeks, months and years roll on, and vanish in the mists of eternity. Generation succeeds generation, as regularly as the great Luminary of day runs his sublime circuit round the celestial dome. Every day that blushes into light witnesses the accumulation of new graves in the churchyard. New flowers of immortality blossom in many homes, and blossom but to fade away and die. Some live to flatter the fondest hopes, and enlarge the most sanguine expectations of dotting friends, when suddenly they cease to move on the variable stage of life, and are numbered with the things that were. Others live to be useful to the human family—to be the means of ameliorating the condition of society, and making themselves benefactors to thousands of unfortunate beings, when alas! the fond and grateful affection of a thousand hearts, rising like holy incense to heap blessings on their heads, must follow them to the silent tomb. Weary Pilgrims in a world of suffering and toil, as they climb the rugged steep, and steer their course through mazy labyrinths find their feet torn by new thorns, and their course obstructed by new obstacles; but they enjoy the noble pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, upon danger resolutely encountered, and upon oppression artfully defeated. Like Eneas, when, after the horrors of a storm, comforted his companions as they had landed on an unknown and desolate shore, with the hope that at some distant period their miseries would be recounted with delight; so may they comfort themselves, that they will soon pass the terminus of earthly scenes to find

"The land of glory and repose." New temptations loom up in the way of the unwary, new tears are wept above the early dead, and souls are tried at a new tribunal for deeds done in the body. Change is ever floating in the wake of time. The hoary specter passes on, unceasing in his flight, and Change, vigorous in unending youth, scatters from one hand life, beauty, blessing; from the other, suffering, decay and death.

New altars are erected to earthly love, new associations are formed, and new schemes devised for the attainment of earthly bliss, but ere the realization of fondest hope,—of dreams of bliss,—of golden anticipations, the rude blasts of decay and death hurry the delighted projectors from the shores of terrestrial action.

O! what havoc do a few years make in the human race! How soon do we see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world! The man of enterprise, when he has recounted his adventures, and retrospected his success amidst untoward circumstances, is forced in the sequel to pay a sigh to the memory of those who had contributed to his success; and he who has spent his life among the gay part of mankind, finds his remembrance stored with the gaiety, the repartees of wit and the mirthful amusements of those whose merriment and sprightliness are now lost in silence.

The trader whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, finds, when he comes to the enjoyment of his fortune, that he is repining in solitary plenty, and lamenting the absence of those companions with whom he had planned the amusements of his latter years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, has raised him from obscurity to the temple of fame, looks in vain around him, from his exalted state for his old friends and companions to be the agreeable witnesses of his long sought-for affluence, and to partake of his bounty. Such is the imperfection of human happiness,—such the uncertainty of life, and such the certainty of passing from earth away.

In every direction, marks of change and decay are to be seen. On the broad face of variegated nature are written indelible characters the wrecks and mutations of time. A few years make such visible alteration in the beautiful things of nature that the beholder after a few years absence, is almost constrained to doubt the certainty of his own vision, so rapid and material had been the change, so swiftly had the most prominent features passed off, and a succession of new and different appearances filled their location. The lovely flowers that beset the fields, and complete the beauty of the garden, open but to diffuse their sweets around, then droop their heads and fade away. The green leaves that compose the beauty and glory of the forest, soon lose their verdant hue, leave the branches they so richly ornamented, and pass away to combine in another form of existence. The seasons in their successive rounds constantly unfold hurried transitions throughout the complicated and multifarious objects and modifications of nature. So it is, so it has been, and so it will ever be with man in his brief existence here. He lives only long enough to take a few simple lessons in knowledge, and a mere glance at the revelations of time. In the brief space of his existence he may be taught the actuality of another mode of being, by the constant developments of desolation and decay that check his plans and obstruct the accomplishment of his noblest purposes. The constant decay that is going on through the multitudinous range of vegetable matter, resulting in, or passing off into, new combinations according to fixed and established laws, reveals the fact that death does not conclude the history of man.—*We are passing away—not into nonentity, but to be again.*

As beings of mortality, we pass the portals of death to be resurrected in immortality. The insecurity of man's earthly habitation, and the treacheries of earth, demonstrate the good policy of his removal to a far more genial clime—a clime of purity and spirituality.

SHALL I SEE YOU HOME?
"Your home, dear miss, is very far,
The winds are cold and high,
No splendid moon, or twinkling star
Is looking from the sky.
So please, miss, take my proffered arm
And let the varnished come;
I'll see you safe from fright or harm,
Within your quiet home."

"I know, kind sir, the way is rough,
I know the night is dark,
And certain 't would seem well enough
For me to have a 'spark';
But then I vowed some years ago,—
Call me you may a humbug—
My arm should never enter through
The handle of a rum-jug!"

The Heavenly Measure of Time.
The following extract from Mr. Everett's Albany address is a perfect gem:
"But for the kindreds, and tribes, and tongues of men, each upon their own meridian, from the arctic pole to the Equator, from the Equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations far up in the everlasting bellies of the skies chime twelve at midnight—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp—twelve amid the flaming glories of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fatal hour—twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity—twelve in the star-travelled courts of the empyrean—twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean—twelve for the weary arm of labor—twelve for the toiling brain—twelve for the watchman, waken broken heart—twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires—twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries—twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time."

The wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.

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HUMILIS.

SHALL I SEE YOU HOME?

"Your home, dear miss, is very far,
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No splendid moon, or twinkling star
Is looking from the sky.
So please, miss, take my proffered arm
And let the varnished come;
I'll see you safe from fright or harm,
Within your quiet home."

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The Louisville Journal puts the following pertinent question to those Democrats who enlodge the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. First, did not the Democratic party in their national convention of 1852, solemnly pledge themselves never to give the least countenance to the agitation of slavery under any circumstances?

Secondly, did any human being think or dream in the following year that the Missouri Compromise would be repealed by Congress without the agitation of slavery?

Tattlers and hypocrites are twins, their father, the devil.

The wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.

EVENING SOLACE.

BY CURRIER BELL.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in sad confusion,
And nights in noisy riot fly,
While loss in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in the evening silence comes,
When soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once rang groans of anguish
Now cause but some mild tear to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,
The tears of others' sufferings seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How long it for that time to be,
When, through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in reverie.

And it can dwell on moonlight's glimmer,
On evening shades and loneliness,
And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feed on untold and strange distress—
Only a deeper impulse given.

By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts, that soar to Heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

From the American Organ.
AMERICA.
BY HELEN H. H.

America! America the "home of the brave,"
No foe can subdue thee, no tyrant enslave;
Unfettered and free
As the waves of the sea—
Thy gallant and stern-hearted sons e'er shall be.

'Neath the banner of freedom their ranks they
embrace;
With firm, dauntless spirits each foe to resist;
To the "red, white and blue,"
May they ever prove true,
May they rally around them and fight for them
to.

America! America! the "land of the free,"
Thy gallant, brave freemen speak proudly of
thee;
United—they stand,
A firm, gallant band,
To guard thy loved country, their own native
land.

Then, hurrah for our country, oh! long may
it be,
The "land of the brave and the home of the
free!"

May the Union ne'er sever,
May our flag droop never!
But freedom's bold eagles spread its broad wings
forever!

Life is a Drop of Water.
Just read this, children—"Life in a Drop of Water." Perhaps some of you scarcely know that there are animals so small as here described. Speaking of a drop of water, and describing the animals, which a powerful microscope reveals, the writer from whom we quote, says:

"Clear and transparent it lies before us—vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which it seems itself too small to contain any living object—the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop between two squares of clean glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life suddenly presents itself—scarcely trust our senses. The little drop of water has expanded into a large plain—wonderful shapes rush backward and forward, drawing towards and repelling each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea.—These are no delusions—they are real living creatures—for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another—they whirl around each other—they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or finally they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, till the one conquers and the other is subdued—or carelessly they swim, side by side, until playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of the microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain—in them lives an instinct which induces

them to seek, and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and escape enemies. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust, stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water drop.

"There is another creature, it does not swim about—remains upon the same spot—but contracts itself and palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony? And so it is—for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted to get away, but he must have had a strong hold, severely wounding it; for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and fainter, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and slowly sinks to the bottom. It was a death struggle—it has expired. On one spot a great creature lies entirely quiet and indifferent.—A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning, the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker endeavor to escape its more powerful enemy—he has already caught it, embraces it—the throes of the vanquished cease—it has become a prey. This is only a general glance at the life in a water drop, but how great does this even already show the small? How wonderfully does everything shape itself within that of which we had formerly not the least conception.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

"Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive." "Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and o'clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them." "The standard of beauty in woman vary with those of taste. Socrates calls beauty a short lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world."

"With the modern Greeks and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean *corpulency* is the perfection of form in woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European, form the attractions of an Oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of his country-women, that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness—when his master was desirous to represent the 'beautiful,' he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very Graces are all fat. But it should be remembered that all his models were Dutch women. The hair is a beautiful ornament of women, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth, it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair."

"After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sydney Smith gives some good advice on the subject. 'Never teach fulsome morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value; and there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.'"

James Lawrence, a Pierce member of the last Legislature of California, has come out for Fillmore.

John Moran, a Custom House officer at San Francisco, and a leading Democrat, has declared for Fillmore!

A wise man never sets his heart on what he cannot have.